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Hushed Connections

SOLEDADES

PRINCE HAMLET'S QUATRAINS

ROAD TO HEAVEN

The title unifying the trilogy is inspired from a novel by Henry James.

The third section and some lines from the other two do not suggest a sort of religious manifesto, neither was the author's intention to make an 'inspirational' book.

He doesn't see himself as a joiner or a 'prophet'. It is an account of personal feelings & thoughts, spots from *a pictorial movement*.

SOLEDADES

FRAME OF REFERENCE

Self commitment and self complaint,
don't gaze at me and keep me blame
I'm sort of willow tree, a hive
deserted all but to one bee
Forgive, you, holy scriptures
the folly mine and usual mess
of what a thought brings careless -
heap of awkward gaudy pictures
A portrait dawns along the time
with many, switching faces;
letters & numbers haphazardly combine
risking, once again in a while,
a bet on their own, wild races

SOMETHING REVISITED

Now, I know

I'm dead for this world

It's a favor

I'm not exactly aware of the meaning

"All is history now"

But reciting this simple sentence it's quite
self-explanatory

What with me, kind of mixed peevishly lofty smile
as a pro infinity edging the Mundane-What

JEWELRY

Careless 'bout odds, creeping
the distance between us
I was surprised not to find you at the end -
"Strange, strange, strange"
I was keeping murmuring
And the echo's wrapping me,
with the rings, one by one, of a beautiful chain

ANONYMOUS OUTLAW

Keep your wrath
Build it in vaults of silence
Fear not to be counted for a coward
You'll be stoned silence
Stoned stoned stoned
Echoing only your heartbeat
Hard
Hard to believe
Is the song with silence increased

NIGHTFARE

Wrong fear dropped in the wrong ear.

What could be more right to me
who has no musical interest left?

The blood is full of Greek drama or warlike drumming.

It's a bad dream, I say - yet, no answer gives me shield.

Even irony sits in a corner,
devoid of any erotical appeal

LABORS

How to clean what is meant to be light?

All the while exerting oneself

with a full understanding of past?

Live in a future shot through the skin,

With no one to see when, for a second, angelic you beam.

And all your mental might, traceable by a silvery cast,

Waiting, or not...

HINTS

Thinking, speaking, acting

Hooked like a fish, all your being questioning

a reason to be

In moonlighted rows of imaginary rye sitting unseen
and beloved - don't know why & not sure by whom

Raising up after all history's gone

(and you keep being a bit rueful about it)

go all the ways you can make for:

loosing yourself, loosing the titles you gave the stories
you've just forgotten

PRAYER

Give me the strength
To step out of the past
And stay under its shadow
Cooling the breath of history
And saying with You: I Am

THE BOOK OF LIFE

I'm leaning on a wall, face toward it
A flying wall through the universe
This image is a hieroglyph above the Earth
Down there is the Great Wall of China
and I'm perceiving it as unreal
something between hollywoodian scenery and
unpredictable monster
The wall I was speaking of
may be imagined as an usual one
alone as a healthy ruin, or as a part of a
building where one took refuge in his childhood
Getting older, I can see myself a hieroglyph on the wall
and a full of other signs on it
I am eyeing at them, incapable of reading
using my faith as imagination
so the adult can say to the child he was:
I still have a dream

ODE OR ODD OF JOY

It's a sadness like an eyelid pulled over a blind gaze
I would say over & over , without the echoes
abusing this phrase - I love you, I love you
I would stay in pure happiness when poured by
your all heart laughter
The odds of this world I wouldn't stay against
only overview pitifully -
because no one knows the password to it
It's a sadness like an eyelid pulled over a blind gaze

INTERFACE

Collecting whispers
as others do it with stamps or badges
Convert them to whistles
of trains or memory patches
You are there
on the edge of a beautiful world
I am clear of mine
and fit in the purer mold
"Bip-bip" the alarm
I jump from my dream
(Bang, tinkle & bump)
My ear is a treasure
of eerie, yet dance prompting sounds

A GRAMMAR IN THE PROCESS

The following day I'll be shifting towards grievance
The day before I've had a happy hour, confusing my
notions about good and bad
Now, I'm musing upon self indulgence, charity and
loving God through men & beasts

The ashes of wind
in the hearths of shared hearts:
Lightly, soul alight

CHEAP SATIRE

We found out a world of progress
Even build up the God's hand image
Stretched towards us
demanding charity and love, if not understanding
and we're creeping up&down, busy with daily
nuisance oblivious of boundaries between real&ideal
piling up an avenue after another
unfolding the map of an ever "New World"
in our way of progress to the
Islas de Felicidad

BLOSSOMED HEARTBEAT

You've given me the word as a wigwam
to wander with through this world
Your incomprehensible love set me free for all
choices and their consequences
Yet I feel you as a guard
as a servant, more noble than his worldly master
Your humility help me to bear my own
and bring forth flowers from the carcass of transiency

BEASTLY AND CHILDISH

I was told I'm the infant of shadow

I was screaming and crying

And scream and cry lightening through

Started to ponder upon what is implying
the thought "Me and You"

The word "love"

was dawning on me with sky map fairy

Augustinus and Luther briefed me their

after- or felicity thoughts

I keep writing in sand with my index

Every time the word "love" washed away

by the tide of the sigh I have sought

ONE ALONE

If stranger in this world
then a liar to it
All lies unacceptable
(some unavoidable)
except the primary one
Can't have all the love
the tenderness you want
May wonder if love and tenderness
really exist
All the wrongs I went into
poisoned my spirits
All good I did seems disappeared
in the ocean of wrongs

NEW ALPHABETICAL ORDER

It's a mild winter evening
Kind of thoughtful solitude,
my thoughts are facing only You
Resting my wings of Arabian bird
for another day of love
beginning with the usual pray of tiding me through
Warts and all I own up
for the sake of the family we are
It's getting late and I'll pick up another book
before You'll make me the letter of some anxious dreams

BELOVED

I hear that angels of death
are on their way to my house
Greet them as guests, not more
Within me is growin' a more powerful
light than the light of the stars
Twitchy ghosts my guests are becoming
itchy for a faltering feeling of mine
Instead of Lord's Prayer I think only "Mom..."
See around me
and only my sweetheart's smiling over there

NEW ERA

Methinks is like an octopus to be,
shipwrecked in your hopes and

walking on repetitive smiles

That's only love that will be called, it quits the pain
when stripped by scorn and laughter
they'll dance around as they have seen

on Discovery Channel

"To be or not" -quiz of the day- "an octopus to be?"
Hearts are swelling, the tide of love is going on
away are washed footprints and Noah's Ark's emerging
from beneath an octopus' eyelid

LOVELY LANDSCAPE

I blew up the past
And flower the guilt with steady forgiveness
My bony history I mirror in some ancient tree
While beamy glances towards her
Echo the churchly stained glass
And breathing her fragrance is an inner fly
To the white map spot where's said
The heart is

SAGA

Stars are born Stars are dead

They never met

Timeless, forlorn

Their love is sworn

Farewell to say

Is a way

To play at odds

With gods

Bleed forgiveness

Cool the wounds

Hearty Mistress *Götter*

dämmerung

I make the difference

I sound a rune

PRINCE HAMLET'S QUATRAINS

1

Last night the garden was awake,
The moon in Yorick's hollows roamed.
In misty light cloaked William Blake
Crossed shadows with blank verses domed.

2

Hues of dark and blue, framed by the sound of waves
Immerse the brain again, all its winged do.
The heavy calm of sea upon the breath of slaves
Inverses souls and worlds towards a distinct blue.

3

A golden eye will dream me soon,
While willow songs will dance along.
I'll glide upon her swimming swoon.
Some eerie wishes we'd prolong.

4

Together this blissful adorning of keys
The secret of hearts may forever conceive.
O never be found or dreamed, only by His
Hieratical heavens that quick us retrieve.

5

In front of the castle lays humble the Time.
It seems that's only a tamed of antiquity reign,
It's only a seeming, a manner - a rhyme
Crawls out of the monster again and again.

6

The tricky sunrise, the gloomy sunset then
Taking oath on roses dew, their perfume.
The animal goes freaky inside its cozy den
Stacking smells of life and death
in vivid dunes that bloom.

7

Desperate of shallow wisdom,
You retreat behind the glasses.
You're the fool in your kingdom,
Mocking up the ghosts in dresses.

8

It will never be forgotten
What my death owed to my life.
All the Denmark may be rotten,
Not the color, not the rumor of my strife.

9

Knock down the grinning beast inside
And Aging falls its snow upon.
Redemption hopes are not denied
As *neiges d'antan* surge and heap on.

10

The merry blossom of the apple-tree
I dare not as a token of love.
I'll wait the evening shadow cast on me
To make the pilgrim on wings of a dove.

11

What is this muse who's, ay, whispering to me?
Music of what source is playing core and bone?
What magic's keeping my shadow by the lee?
Silence shamed the naked answers -
I bemoan.

12

Deep in a fountain of bliss
Secluded. Sunshine turns on black.
No feeling should be amiss.
No golden bowl should show a crack.

13

Looking at the horses, and the sun
Giving a shine on their dark manes.
Hopes and lapses running mad. One
Muddles through heart, and there remains.

14

Pray, forgive me Lord for all the wrong
Done to her or to somebody else.
I'm the bowl cracked by the golden song,
Hopeful of the hand that sounds the bells.

15

Enemy and friend, my bittersweet Melancholy!
You made me mawkish and cynical. And who
Will be so quick to see the bound,
as in Gallipoli,
Between a Grecian urn, a soul,
and warlike woe?

16

The shadow glided from my face upon of hers -
A sin I'll never can myself forgive.
She turns her rainy looks at me - it blurs
This our instant image through the timey sieve.

17

I have no doubts of you misunderstanding me,
Joy, deceit and sorrow a mere nothing
Are for me. Beyond the all of what you are
Is yonder love, crystal-dead and everything.

18

Lay down, as a matter of fact, your hand
on my chest,
Said it to me the angel in a fairy dream.
Snake-like, the sleep was passing along - now I could rest
For ever. Ever a new heart its song to begin.

19

She said to me that only who's
Of heavenly substance can love
The Earth, and soul and mind can lose
To bind the scattered stars above.

20

I have been brought up as a prince, but princely not,
And felt like being drowned in the whirlpool
of my heart.
They gave me all the sort of lectures,
and thought me nut.
I'm the straggler of this world, doing it with art.

ROAD TO HEAVEN

WHY (EXILE)

Why has the cloud to pass through tops of buildings
as a hippo through darkened waves?

Why have men to cloud, to storm one in another's eye
like electrons in fluorescent tubes?

Why is this belly shivering like a tribal drum
under hotloving fingers bringing into dance
old love poems' letters?

Why are you, young man, keeping asking
again & again pulling the spell out of me
determined as a hand on a trigger-alarm?
of the shuttle-commute? from you to me?
from me to you? who knows it yet?

A lot of history
is gone through us, memory's
footprints are to the plain worn out
...Switch over to the South !

VIBRATION

You'll give the circle the wrong of your lines

Eyes

will flicker of circles

reset in

question marks

RULING METAPHOR

The body stretched along the fingers
Merciless pointing out “Go ahead !”
The history’s spade
digging the trench
closer & closer to Alpha Centauri
Heartbeat : helmets for the cohorts of ideas
The poetry’s gas mask
on the long distance runner’s face
A man props his elbows on knees,
his head on palms: starts thinking
His thought is the gladiator’s net
Throw it, now!

CONTEXT

We are two parts of a fluid architecture

(standard movement

for our own translation by each other)

Two little spots from different areas anti-
corrosive layer & underlying structure Or:
molecule in the foundation &

thermoinsulating pellicle

Or: wall with elevators gurgling through &

acoustics of the mavericks' oval room

We telepathic roll out drawing board memories;

we're genuine & up-to-date

ANXIETY

Anxiety swims the right arm along
Exit are fingers
Gets dry in the air
Plunges in the left arm's waves
Outlining a triumphal arch
Under it, like tame animals under yoke,
pass silence after silence
And silence of other hands
gives them lovingly
stroke after stroke

NO IN, NO OUT

Dust snowlike

bewitched me:

No more sense for “up” &

“down”, “far” & “near”

And dare not to show my Icarus-like wings

Eyelids’ landmark stroked

me at swishing borders of time

At lookbottom, everywhere

same waters, teardust. And

one tear

swimming me through

ECLIPSE ON BOTH SIDES

Faces in effigy are our legacy

Autumns

on the scarred green of grass, of leaves

A small people of tears passing through us

A morning dedicated to fragile sensibilities

Yearnings' ghost (wolfskin over it)

with foggy boats is gliding:

The howl is spreading out

along with our shadows

under whim of light, obscure smile

PRETTY FACES

Beyond every history
is another one
Breaking of the moment that enchanted us
Echoes are spreading
old flavors on dead languages
the old song & the new one
are chewed together
The second itself is the rhythm of the silence
fed up with reincarnated words
Bus station: I'm tasting faces
which have signs of a writing got in oblivion
And each one in the waiting crowd
(mute open pits)
is applying to the others
the same taste procedure:
That's how a love story starts,
the archaeologist reinventing himself
out of the memory of his findings

LUSTRATION

My love is homelike
Has the shape of wash-basin
Come and wash your hands
-as Pontius Pilate did-
after you'd have crucified me
in your mirror-mornings

THE STREET

Sumptuous cars of the blood are speeding at full throttle
On each side of the race
feminine buildings are raising
Lipstickroofs got hot
Everything is soaked in China ink love
A child
calligraphically
crosses the street

HAPPENING WITH NEWBORN

Muscle speaks to tree's fiber:
every contraction is a twinkle to the eye
Forest & man
are looking at each other through
dewlenses
A flock of birds is going the looktunnel through:
As through vagina a child

THE CHILD & THE SOFTTOYADULT

The skin put on every morning,

undone in the evening:

Where the last stitch was

bleeding ideas ooze on child hands:

Wound passed down from year to year, age to age

Red string protecting from the evil eye

LETTER TO THE FAR EDGE OF THE SLEEP

Behind, the route of life
is sickleshaped & has rainbow reflections
Poetry letters outline the head of a horse:
The race of its ancestors
is what the present thought is trying to take in

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH MATCHES

Everywhere mother's heart used to be
nowadays are, here & there, autumnally
bloody spots - father's heart , a papersun:
an innocent play shall lit it up once & for all

SOMEONE LATER ON THERE LOVES ME

As a steaming bull
younger years are leaving the field
Skin's curtain unfolds
Somebody hoods this move
with a sandlike caress

BIG BANG

I sing an off colored song
For the community
No, I'm not a priest
Neither a poet
My song's a muted buzzing in the blood
Headache without pain & echo
And I'm gentle hunting
all the egos gotten lost
in this (incredible how harmonious)
tune

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY (BOSNIAN TALE)

Red sun is setting up In
the other half-side
(aubergine purple & blue)
the gold of the moon's still lasting
Destiny & sensibility are divided too
However, Day & Night are scattering through
the body with waterfall sound
“Hey, bud, how are you ?”
(The movement is out)
“Here, have some water”
(Only the sound)

MEMOIRS

The fighter sits down at the writing desk,
his helmet nearby - desk lamp
Yesterdayhand is a plastercasting
Over it, Presenthand,
inquisitive thrilled,
is scanning
And cutting fingerknots
might just turn up the hand of the future
The fighter sat down at the writing desk
The head groans, full of stars
Shooting ones turn into eye-avatars
A gladiators' school
is raising ahead
The lookfield is stirred up
by cool jaws of
prehistoric clouds & dread

CRANES ARE LEAVING

We don't see them
Yet know it's about time
We're on a tophill
have pictorial sense for the scenery
To an outsider
we have the immobility of a painting in museum
And yet we get closer
and us and everything around are vanishing
faster & faster
according to Hubble's principle

ILLUSIONS

I live in the eye's sphere
yet I see me in others
Like bats, I hang from beams of dream
Outside the eye I writhe
get kicks
In blind spheres
I play hidden-and-seen
I play God over these sheets
which swaddle me, unborn,
more & more in the eye

FAR & UP

The tree's left to itself
A shiver with shy breaks through it
along with the sunbeam (this one hugged
by bark as sword in faithful scabbard)
Down from the mountains
a bird alights on the tree
The tree is looking through it
The tree is my brother:
That's why my eye is a
bird
Memory of the mountain where it came from
is stinging me
I'm left to myself
I'm looking
far & up